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The image shows the front cover of an antique book. The cover is made of a light brown, textured material, possibly leather or parchment. It features a decorative border with a repeating floral or geometric pattern. In the center, there is a large, arched frame, also decorated with a similar pattern. The text is printed in a reddish-brown color. The title "THOUGHTS" is at the top, followed by "FROM" in a smaller font, then "THE HOLY SCRIPTURES" in a larger font, and finally "Part III." at the bottom. The cover shows signs of age, with some wear and tear, particularly along the edges and corners.

THOUGHTS
FROM
THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.
Part III.

THE INDIAN STRAY THOUGHTS
SERIES.

From
PURSHOTAM VISHRAM MAWJEE.

Malabar Hill
Bombay.



To

It all belongs to his Englishman friend
1911

— Buddha —

By your Love the wrathful conquer,
By your Grace the ill pursue,
By your Charity the miser,
By your Truth the false subdue!

"BUDDHA"



"How did the Tender Hand come to Hurt?"

AROON TIKEKAR

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I in the flames of absence burn,
And languish for my love's return.

'Tis Sawun : mark--the river flows
With rippling eddies to the sea ;
The slender jasmine closer grows,
And clings about its wedded tree.

The lightning wantons with the rain,
And brighter seems to gleam around ;
The peacock woos in jocund strain,
While laughing earth returns the sound.

'Tis Sawun, love!--'twixt man and wife
Let no sad parting moment be ;
Who journeys now ? what gain or strife
In Sawun tears my love from me.



II.

The lively drum is heard around ;
The tamborine and cymbals sound
In the flames of absence burn,
And languish for my love's return.

The woman all around me sing,
And own the inspiring joys of spring ;
While I, from darts of ruthless love,
Never ending torments prove.

The amorous Kokil strains his throat ;
And pours his plaintive pleasing note ;
My breast responsive heaves with grief,
Hopeless and reckless of relief.

When he again shall glad my hours,
Then, girl, I'll take thy blooming flowers ;
But now my love is far away,
Where should I place thy Basant gay ?

III.

Rhada, disguised as herald dread,
Oce day the sportive Gopees led
Where Krishna, in the shady bowers
Of Mudhun, whiled the idle hours.

To him they hie, and loudly call,
" Arise!—the Prince is in his hall!
" And fain would know by what controul,
" On milk and curds thou leviest toll."

The youths who sport around him fly,
With clamorous shouts that rend the sky;
And he stands trembling with alarm,
While Rhada boldly takes his arm.

But soon his terror she removes;
His eyes meet those of her he loves;
Whose brows at once betray the wife,
Relaxed into a modest smile.

IV.

When the Great poet of Emperor Akbar replied—

"It is the nuptial hour,

The Bride timidly shrinks from her lover's fond
embraces;

He catches at her dress and she,

In modesty seeks the veil of night,

With trembling hand she strikes the lamp,

Extinguishing that silent witness of her happiness.

Thus 'did the tender hand come to hurt."



Is it, sweet maid, the breathing flute
That tells to Love some plaintive suit ;
While o'er the cup of Indra's bed¹⁸
Passes a shade of deeper red ?—

Art thou some Ditta's mistress bright ;
Or the fair sister of Delight ?
Or Wit's gay parent art thou born,—
Such winning words thy lips adorn ?

No,—thou art Music's melting queen ;
Or Love's enchanting bride I ween :
And Muttra's shepherd owns thy flame ;
And Kokils stay their notes for shame.

O fairest of the Muttra maids !
While thy soft voice my soul pervades,
Seems on thy rosy lips to die
The Beeu's¹⁹ heavenly minstrelsy.

VI.

Bright Indra's bow appears: the genial rains
From the full clouds descend, and drench the plains.
Quick lightnings flash along the turbid sky,
Pierce the fresh moisten'd earth, and parch it dry.

O'er the pale moon a showery veil is thrown,
The frequent floods the lily's leaflet drown;
Like curling dust the distant showers appear,
And the swan flies before the watery year.

Dark with her varying clouds, and peacocks gay¹⁰
See Burkha comes, and steals our hearts away.



Mark,—her slender form bend low,
 As the zephyrs lightly blow!
 Mark,—her robe, like blossoms rare,
 Scatter fragrance on the air!

See, her face as soft moon beaming;
 From her smiles ambrosia streaming;
 And on brows, more white than snow,
 See, the raven tresses glow!

Lotus-like her dewy feet
 Treasures yield of nectar'd sweet:
 Light as on her footsteps pass,
 Blushes³⁰ all the bending grass:

And rings of jewels, Beauty's powers,
 Freshen into living flowers³¹:
 While brighter tints, and rosier hues,
 All the smiling earth suffuse.

VIII.

If from afar my face you see,
Your heart will fail, your courage flee.
A letter writ with ardent fear,—
Conveyed your wish—and I am here:

For friendship all my steps impels,
And kind are hearts where friendship dwells.
But if more wanton thoughts intrude,
Or you should offer to be rude:

As easy as the tendril line
Is severed from the lotus' vine,
So quickly will the tie dissolve
That binds, my friend, our infant love.



IX.

Pleasure and pain pass away ; and wealth and poverty depart from us. O, therefore, learn wisdom.

The land remains not, nor the landholder; the princes of the land remain not: yet be thou fixed, O my soul.

If love or hatred, avarice, passion, or pride have influenced thee; now, O my heart, receive the rigid lesson of virtue.

They admonish thee night and day to cry, Rhada Krishna! Rhada Krishna! Rhada Krishna!



X.

On an enemy, a prisoner, a trader, a gamester, a thief, or a liar,

An adulterer, a diseased man, a debtor, or a whoremaster.

(On the whoremaster especially) place no reliance.

Let them swear an hundred oaths; but believe not one.

The poet Gidhori has said, if an enemy enters your house,

Though he vows eternal friendship, he is still an enemy.



XI

It becometh not a gentleman to desert his patron
 The tiger to skulk from the elephant ;
 Wisdom to dwell in darkness
 A warrior to shun the combat ;
 An adviser to speak words of detriment ;
 A student to forget his learning ;
 A man of noble birth to associate with the vile ,
 Nor a wise man to consort with harlots .



XL.

Shame to him who solicits without worth;
 Shame to him who beholds worth and is not pleas'd;
 Shame to him who is pleas'd, yet bestows not;
 Shame to him who bestows with reluctance;
 Shame to the gift that is without show;
 Shame to the sincerity that is without conscience;
 Shame to the conscience untroubled with mercy;
 Shame to the mercy when extended to a foe;
 Shame to the foe who cannot drive into the heart;
 Shame to the heart where the mind is without
 honour;
 Shame to the honour that is devoid of wisdom;
 Shame to wisdom which is without the fear of God.



XIII

To view the waning moon at evening hour,
Fastid, a lovely maid ascends her boxer,
Herself a full-orbed moon, — though brighter
 gloried

The rays of beauty that around her beamed.

The women, wondering, from their Pooja ceased ;
And thus with taunts addressed the wondering
 Priest :

"To you is heavenly science given "I—then say,
"Is't the full moon, or only *chand* to-day ?"



XIV

Lost in the silvery beam, so soft and fair
No eye can trace her as she moves along
The winds which fan her heavenly fragrance bear
And trace her footsteps to the virgin throng.



XV.

Deep or shallow let it be.

River, streamlet, lake, or pool;

That to him is still a sea,

Who there his parching thirst can cool.



XVI.

A fatal dart upon her brow she placed,
And once upon her lover turned to gaze;
Then slow retired, and peeping as she paced,
Gleamed like the flashing of a sudden blaze.



XVII

The spring returns with all its joyous train,
 Yet he so fondly lov'd, stays far away;
 My fluttering soul will quit its present clay,
 In some atoning form to live again.

- A fowler's net snare the murmuring dove,
 Or monster's tail, to quench the moon's pale light;
 Or his fierce eye, the Lord of wondrous night,
 Whose lightning gaze consumes the god of love.



XVIII.

O say, within that coral cell
What mighty magic power can dwell
That cheats my hopes, my sight misleads,
And makes my pearls seem coral beads.

In those black eyes now fury burns;—
To crabs-eyes all my coral turns!
But see, she smiles;—my fears were vain.
My worthless beads are pearls again.



XIX.

The gates of Brij all narrow are,
 And amorous all its maids as fair;
 Thou'rt fallen by some wanton wile,
 And falsest now with fear and toil;
 For wondrous tender is thy frame—
 And thou'rt lost all our service claim.
 Then gentle airs still let us make,
 With leaves of lotus from the lake.



XX.

Wear not rings and chains of gold,
And deem the words of friendship true ;
Like rust upon a polished mould
Of steel they seem, when worn by you.

These jewels on my neck are tied,
And crimson dyes my feet adorn,
Not to increase my beauty's pride,
But mark a matron's honoured form.





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